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LORIS and Opal rushed wildly out to welcome the occupants of the pung. They had not been at all sure that Cary could coax Mother Merridew to come. She might have thought it was her duty to stay on in that unpleasant home of her cousins. In that case they would have had to stay with her, partly because they could not do without her and partly because their parents had put them in her charge for the winter.

"But here she is and everything is all right," chanted Opal, dancing around the pung till the horse with a Roman nose began to look rather wild.

They joyfully escorted Mother Merridew into the sitting room which they had so hastily made ready for her. Nobody even thought that it was a trifle shabby. It was clean, and warm as toast with that good fire in the freshly scrubbed stove.

Supper was ready in the next room which was the kitchen. A kettle of stew was keeping hot on the back of the cookstove. Besides, there were hot rolls baked by Loris and strawberry jam and fresh butter contributed by Jane.

Mother Merridew held up her hands and opened her bright eyes in admiration.

"What a pleasant place!" she said, "It's like a new home come out of the air."

"The queerest thing to me," remarked Opal, glancing around with delighted eyes, "is that this is the very room we blundered into last night, when it was full of dust and cobwebs and looked like an old barn."

"And I was afraid I should see two fiery eyes of a wildcat or something glaring at me out of a dark corner," added Loris.

After supper Jane and Vlinn and Mr. Redmond came through



THE HORSE WITH THE ROMAN NOSE

by Mabel S Merrill

In Six Chapters
Chapter Four



the hole in the cupboard to make a neighborly call. They sat by the fire and listened while Mother Merridew told them all she knew about the morning when Grandfather Kinsley spoke of his plan of hiding the treasure in Red Man's Cave. Then the young folks told her of their visit there and showed the two crystals they had found in that square opening in the rock.

"We thought they might have dropped out of the leather bag when he took it away in a hurry to hide it in a safer place," said Cary. "Of course we don't know for sure that he did take it away. It might have been thieves but we don't

think so because the door was taken away, too, and thieves wouldn't have stopped for that. It would have had to be hammered off the rock with tools."

"I feel sure that your grandfather took the bag away

himself," agreed Mother Merridew. "As you say, he would have wanted the door to put on a new hiding-place. It is very likely, too, that the valuables in the bag were gems, for I can remember that great tales were flying round just then about gems being found in the rocks on Sundown."

"Are you sure that Grandmother Kinsley knew about the treasure bag?" asked Loris.

"Why, he mentioned it to her but she had always laughed at the idea of crystals found on Sundown Mountain being of any great value. I don't think she ever believed in that treasure, and when she went away in such trouble, right after your grandfather's death, I suppose it was natural she should forget all about the leather bag. To tell the truth, I had pretty near forgotten it myself till you children came to spend the winter with me. That sort of recalled the old tale."

They went to bed early, well tired out with the day's labors. In the morning they were up in good season ready for more exploring. But they lingered a little over that pleasant breakfast which Mother Merridew had ready for them in their very own kitchen. It was delightful to have her all to themselves.

"Now," she said, as they rose at length, "the first thing I want is some supplies from the general store you spoke of. I cashed your father's last check before I started up the mountain and it will more than pay for all we want. I'll write out



"The gem-cutter examined them carefully with his magnifying glass."

the list and you can bring it right home with old Caesar and the pung. After that you will be free for whatever you want to do."

"The horse with a Roman nose is going to be mighty handy up here," remarked Vlinn as they drove away. "There isn't another horse on the mountain except one big pair that work on a tote team."

The deserted village, which they were wild to explore, was not large enough to get lost in. There was one street with houses set close on either side. Other houses or camps were set back in clusters among the pines. Several of the better houses were occupied by woodchoppers or men who worked at the lumber camp down behind the mountain. The general store was a large wooden building that had once contained the postoffice. Supplies for the store were brought up the east side of the mountain by tote team.

Beyond the end of the village was a wild jumble of rocks, bushes, and spruce woods.

Cary threw out his hitch-weight and made a dive for the store.

"What I want," he said, "is to get this stuff home to Mother Merriew and then come out with snowshoes and explore that howling wilderness beyond the village."

The surprised store-keeper filled that large order and looked with interest at these new neighbors who had come to live in the deserted village. They all helped carry the things out and then they hurried the old horse homeward as fast as he would go.

Five minutes after they had unloaded the supplies and carried them into Mother Merriew's kitchen they were snowshoeing and skiing away to the howling wilderness Cary had spoken of.

"First of all," announced Cary, "I want to see the old gem-cutter you told about, Vlinn. Nathan Taine, you said his name was."

They found the camp of Nathan Taine in the edge of a wilderness. It was a log house he had built himself against a big ledge. It had two snug rooms, one of them provided with a great fireplace that warmed both. He was polishing a green tourmaline as he sat at a little table with various small tools about him.

"Will you tell me how much these gems are worth, sir?" asked Cary, producing the two crystals they had found in the hole in the cave.

The gem-cutter examined them carefully with his magnifying glass. He was prompt with his answer:

"Seventy-five dollars is about the value of the big one, and fifteen would be cheap for the small pink one. Pink ones are rather harder to find than green ones."

"So you guessed almost right, Vlinn," whispered Opal.

The old gem-cutter was studying Cary's face. "Would your name be Kinsley, lad?" asked Nathan Taine.

The boy nodded, smiling. "Cary Kinsley. Named for my grandfather who used to live in a farmhouse on the lower slope of Sundown."

"I thought so. Perhaps you never knew that your grandfather owned land up here too. This acre of rocks outside was his property. I built my camp on the corner of it because I've always been interested in this particular rock deposit."

Then the old man looked again at Cary and said quietly: "Here's a question you're not to answer unless you choose. Where were these crystals taken out?—out of the rocks where they grew, I mean."

"We don't know," answered Cary, and then he looked a question at Vlinn who answered it out loud:

"If I were you, Cary, I'd tell Nathan all about it. He is a safe one to tell things to and he might be able to throw some light on the mystery of the treasure bag."

Cary agreed and plunged into the story, first the legend of the hidden leather bag, then the account of how they had visited Red Man's cave, and how Gray Hawk found the opening in the rock whence the crystals had been taken.

"Vlinn said they couldn't have broken off the ledge there because the rock was not the kind in which tourmalines are found. But there they were, just lying loose in the bottom of the hole," finished the boy.

Nathan Taine nodded. "They are fine

tourmalines and my opinion is that more like them, or perhaps even better ones, may have been in your grandfather's leather bag. I also have an idea that he found these valuable gems on his rocky acre right here behind my house."

Vlinn's eyes snapped. "Never thought of that. The rock here is feldspar and it is in feldspar deposits that you find tourmalines."

"Goodness!" gasped Opal, "if there are seventy-five dollar gems lying around right here why can't we go straight out and find some more? What if we could make Grandmother Kinsley's fortune by the time she is ready to come back!"

The old man smiled at her. "It isn't so easy, little lady. You can't pick up gems as if they were pebbles on a beach. Once or twice in a lifetime you hit upon a valuable pocket."

"That was probably what your grandfather did," he added, "but I never had any such luck. I'm glad your grandmother is coming home. I've kept her rocky old acre safe for her. If you youngsters can find anything of value on it nobody will be gladder than Nathan Taine. Your grandparents, young folks, were my best friends in the old days."

"Well, we'll hunt over every inch of it," promised Opal, "and I'm sure Gray Hawk will help us. But I, for one, haven't given up finding the leather bag. I know just how I'm going to begin, too."

(To be continued)

Spazzacamino

By E. F. B.

"SPAZZACAMINO!" "Spazzacamino!" the cry echoes through the streets with ever increasing vigor, and if you are a tourist in Italy you wonder what the quaint figure in queer regalia and soot-grimed face is talking about.

But he is only a chimney sweep and "Spazzacamino" is his trade cry. He is a picturesque figure, this Italian boy with his black costume that is a cross between rompers and overalls, with his sweet smile, his dazzling white teeth, his soft, mild eyes and a general expression of resignation to his lot in life.

The chimney sweeps of Italy are usually boys between the ages of ten and fifteen. With the approach of winter they come into the cities from the hill countries where they have herded sheep all summer, and scatter in various directions to ply their trade.

They are nearly all Savoyards who live in the Alps of Savoy. When they reach the cities where they are to work, each one strikes out for himself, carrying on his shoulder a brush, a bag and a length of rope which is all that he needs in his business of collecting soot from the chimneys.

He is a pathetic figure, as he walks

through the streets in the bitter cold of winter morning hours. There is a sort of wailing sadness in his cry and often he stops to warm his hands by blowing on them, and his feet by stamping them on the ground.

The chimney sweep of Italy does not ask for charity. He gratefully accepts the few coins paid him for his work and his face will light up with joy at any signs of friendliness. But he is strictly independent and manages to make his own living.

In the spring and summer seasons he lives with his family in some little mountain village crowded full of small huts where other herders live. His father is usually a shepherd over large flocks and the boy tends sheep on the mountains with his brothers and other village boys.

But when the grazing season is over and the sheep are driven into the fold, the boy joins others of his comrades and tramps into the cities. He would be a burden to his family crowded into the little mountain hut during winter.

In almost every city of Italy during the winter months you may hear his shrill cry "Spazzacamino — S-p-a-z-z-a-c-a-m-i-n-o-o-o!"

Twentieth-Century Unitarians

It is not a wise thing to boast. In fact, good manners forbid boasting. But it is worth while to know good of people and to appreciate worth. We are all proud of our church and we like to know good things about it. What sort of people make up the Unitarian church? All kinds, rich and poor, great and humble, wise and simple, because its doors are open to all who seek the truth.

We have been fortunate in past times in having many great and good people connected with the Unitarian church. Among them have been poets, philosophers, historians, statesmen, scientists and leaders of movements to make the world better.

The names of many of these people may be found in the American Hall of Fame in New York. In fact, one-third of the names there are those of Unitarian people. Sometimes we hear people say because of this, "The great men and women of your church must all be dead."

We may well ask,—is this true?

We do not think that it is. So we are going to search for the people who have been living since the beginning of the twentieth century and tell the *Beacon* readers something about them.

William Howard Taft, the Statesman with a Smile

By GEORGE L. THOMPSON

The state of Ohio contends with the state of Virginia for the honor of being the "Mother of Presidents," which is another way of saying that a number of the Presidents of the United States have been born in Ohio.

One of these presidents whom many of us knew was William Howard Taft. Mr. Taft was born in the city of Cincinnati in 1857, just before the great Civil War. His father was a noted man in his day having served as Secretary of War in General Grant's cabinet, and having also held many other positions of honor and trust. So young William, or "Bill," as the boys called him, did not have the hard struggle to get an education that many American boys have had who have become famous as they grew older. But he was a real boy, expert in playing marbles, a good swimmer, boxer, and wrestler. His father insisted on one thing,—that William must do his best. When he ranked fifth from the head of his class his father thought that he ought to do better. He seems to have done well at school for when he was thirteen he had graduated from the Nineteenth District public school in Cincinnati, and four years later he entered Yale College. From a tall, slim, lank boy he had grown to be a big man weighing 225 pounds.

One thing people liked about him,—he always had a good-natured smile and was

ever cheerful. He had a reputation for getting into all the class rushes and friendly scraps, but he seemed to forget all about them as soon as they were over. He was fond of dancing and social events but he was a hard worker and in a class of one hundred and twenty he was second in rank at the time of his graduation.



Grandma's Valentine

By POLLY PERKINS

When I go up to Grandma's room,
She shows me all her treasures,
Some old, old flowers, that in their bloom,
Had given her such pleasures.

There're many boxes full of things,
Like jewelry and lovely lace,
But can you guess what always brings,
A happy look into her face?

It's just a faded Valentine,
And must be lifted up just so,
For Grandpa made this one so fine,
O, many, many years ago.

And underneath that red, red heart,
Were words for Grandma dear,
But long ago they played their part,
And Grandpa rhymed it too, I hear.

"If all the girls in all the world,
Were mine to pick and choose,
You still would be the one I love,
And hope to never lose."

Then Grandma in sweet reveries,
Of happy days long past,
Is in a world of memories,
And says "time goes so fast."

After leaving Yale he studied law and while at the law school he earned his first money by reporting law cases, during his spare time, for a newspaper, at six dollars a week.

Very soon after he had been admitted to the bar and begun to practice law he was made a Judge.

In the course of time he entered politics and became the Civil Governor of the Philippine Islands, Secretary of War, and President of the United States. At the close of his life he held the highest legal position any man can hold in this country, that of Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States.

He was for a long time a warm personal friend of Theodore Roosevelt. He had a great interest in the Unitarian Church and occupied the important office of President of the Unitarian General Conference.

Ideal Place to Read

By F. W. FICKLE

Alaskans are readers, devouring books, magazines and newspapers during the long winter evenings. In early autumn second-class and parcel-post mails are heavy, as periodicals and printed matter go into the northwest territory. Readers sending in new subscriptions in the spring mail receive several back numbers at one time which are carefully laid away for winter hours. Alaskans like non-fiction, travel, and exploration. The cabins of miners, trappers, and traders are well stocked with literature of every sort. Asked how much he read, one prospector replied, as he recalled packing in the freight,

"Oh, last winter I read about 300 pounds."

Water

By NED WOODMAN

Here's one of many reasons why my breath is always sweet, and why my cheeks and tongue and lips are red: I drink a glass of water every time before I eat and also just before I go to bed. It washes out my tummy and it keeps it neat and clean, and lubricates my inside works, like oiling a machine; it's just about the cheapest kind of medicine I've seen, and absolutely harmless, it is said.

It's good for the complexion 'cause it helps to clear the skin; it's like a bath inside of you, they say. You'll drown a lot of troubles just by pouring water in, and wash a lot of solemnness away. 'Most all the girls and boys I know, with sense enough to think, have got no use for coffee, tea or other harmful drink; they go and fill their glasses from the faucet at the sink and drink a lot of water every day.

THE BEACON CLUB

The Editor's Post Box

Writing a letter for this corner makes you a member of the Club. Address, The Beacon Club, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.

Dear B. C. Members:

Here is the first letter we have seen from any of our correspondents in India. This letter was sent to Anne Campbell, who lives in Massachusetts.

KHASI HILLS, INDIA,
December, 1930.

Dear Campbell:

With thankful, I have received your kind letter, with your greeting to me and for all our children in our Unitarian Union.

We also have our Anniversary on 18th September; on that day we have our thank giving for God; after the meeting is over we take a Tea Party. After tea we merry all day with a great joy. I go to Boarding School. We have forth

OUR PURPOSE: Helpfulness.

OUR MOTTO: Let your light shine.

OUR BADGE: The Beacon Club Button.

classes in our room; I am in the First Grade. I am eight years old. I have a big brother. He read in a class third in the same school, and I have a little sister. I cannot write English well, my brother knows to write English.

I send my greeting to you and all the childrens of the U. S. America that we can do the best to serve God.

Amen.

Your truly,

KA BRISIBON,
Unitarian.

If other members of our Club have received letters from other children in India, we shall be glad to know about it.

THE EDITOR.

Not Pay But Appreciation

By HILDA RICHMOND

"Such a foolish thing to do!" said Marybelle as her friend showed her a beautiful cake all shining with frosting and ornamented with little flowers. The cooking-school teacher was strong on "feasting the eyes" so all the girls could be depended upon to turn out lovely looking foods as well as good ones. "Taking a cake to Mrs. Freeman who can afford to buy the best things on the market, and you saved your pocket money for some time to turn out this beauty."

Violet, all dimpling and smiling at the praise of her friend for her cake, was not dismayed by the disapproval also voiced by Marybelle in addition to the praise. "It gives me pleasure to present it whether she likes it or not," she said happily.

"But it looks as if you were trying to pay her for what she does for you and all of us girls," argued Marybelle.

"Not pay, Molly O, but a little token of appreciation," said Violet positively. "I could not repay what Mrs. Freeman has done for me and my family, but I can sacrifice a little to show her how precious her friendship and sympathy and help are to us. Why, her automobile has been a boon to Mother since she had that illness, and she is very kind to all the young folks of the town in a social way."

"Oh, well, she is rich and she likes to do those things. She doesn't want pay," said Marybelle carelessly. "Most

of the boys and girls feel that way about it. Of course there are some like Bob French who has Billy Freeman at his heels all the time, and Nora Parsons who embroiders little Lily Freeman's clothes, and yourself, but the most of us do not want to spoil Mrs. Freeman's good times. She loves to give and we love to receive, and that's the end of it."

But it was not the end of it, for when Marybelle heard that Violet's cake had been served at Mrs. Freeman's company dinner when she entertained the Governor of the State and other notables, and that she had said it was better than anything she could buy, and particularly when Violet was asked to sing at the little entertainment given for the distinguished guests, some things were stamped on Marybelle's mind indelibly.

"Just a little mark of appreciation, dear," Mrs. Freeman had said when she told of the pleasure the cake had given her. "I was so happy to have it come at the right time, for I wanted a home touch to all the food at my dinner."

"Violet, you cunning thing!" said Marybelle with admiration. "You knew of that dinner and planned that your cake should be there just in time, didn't you?"

"Maybe I did," she confessed with crimson cheeks. "You see Mrs. Freeman always says such nice things about my cakes that I hoped she might use it. She is so appreciative when anyone does her a little kindness."

"And the appreciation is not all on her side," said Marybelle with emphasis.

Puzzlers

Anna Gram Says

Add a "t" to wrath, rearrange the letters and get a word meaning to oppose or frustrate.

Add an "r" to smite and when the letters have been re-arranged get a word used as a prefix to a man's name.

Add a "p" to store and rearrange the letters to spell a word meaning a large advertising bill to be used in a wall or in a window.

Add a "d" to parse and rearrange the letters to spell a word meaning to have used but little.

HARVEY PEAKE.

Twisted Names of Poets

1. Fdalre Netnynos
2. Hnoj Titerwih
3. Rvelio Meshol
4. Hmasto Dhoo
5. Sjmea Yeril
6. Bertor Unsbr
7. Bberto Nngibrwo

MARJORIE ELLICOTT.

Answers to Puzzles in No. 17

Anagram Word Square.—

P A R E
A R I D
R I S E
E D E N

Twisted Names of States.—1. Missouri. 2. Ohio. 3. Florida. 4. Virginia, 5. Washington. 6. Kansas. 7. Oregon. 8. Utah. 9. Texas. 10. Maine.

Transpositions.—Bared, beard, bread, debar.

THE BEACON

For School and Home

MARIE W. JOHNSON, Editor

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